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BLANKS
Of every kind, printed on fine paper, and for
sale at \$1 00 per quire, cash.

Administrator's Notice.
All persons having claims against the
estate of Joseph W. Carter, deceased, are
hereby notified to file them, duly authen-
ticated, with the Hon. Judge of the County
Court of Franklin County, by the first
of October next, the insolvency of said
estate having been suggested as required
by law. And all persons indebted to
said estate are notified to come forward
and make payment to the undersigned, as
no further indulgence will be given.
LEWIS METCALFE, Adm'r.
Apr 19th, 1857.

WINCHESTER AND ALABAMA
RAILROAD.
The Board of Directors of said R. R. Com-
pany have resolved to put said Road under
Contract the 11th of July, 1857, the lettings
to be at Salem, Tennessee, on that day; and
to enable them to prosecute the work, as they
are determined to do, have this day made a
call of \$200 per share for four months, pay-
able the 1st of June, July, August and Septem-
ber respectively, upon the Stockholders of
said Company. The Stockholders will make
payment accordingly. Those in Lincoln County
will pay to J. R. Bright, Esq., and those in
Franklin County to Thos. F. Mosley, Esq.
V. K. STEVENSON, President.
F. T. ESTILL, Secretary.
may 7th if

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Having administered on the estate of John
G. Biddle, deceased, notice is hereby given
to all persons indebted to said estate to come
forward and make payment immediately, as
no further notice will be given.
Those having claims against the estate will
present them to the undersigned, duly authen-
ticated, within the time prescribed by law.
May 8 8m J. FRIZZELL, Adm'r.

THE INAUGURATION.
As Spring is about to be inaugurated the
undersigned has just received a large
and splendid assortment of
SPRING GOODS,
a very large assortment of
FANCY BONNETS
and Trimmings in great variety; an extensive
stock of cheap Muslins, with fine ones run-
ning up to one dollar per yard. Some
styles of Dress Gowns entirely new;
Percales, Crape de Espana, Silks, &c.
Also, a very large variety of Em-
broideries. He flatters himself
that he has a larger and
cheaper stock of
Ladies' Collars

than has ever been exhibited in the market.
Gentlemen's Summer Hats, Boots,
Shoes, &c., in abundance.

Linen Cottonades
and Ready-made Clothes for Summer.
A large stock of Hoop Skirts, and Whalebone
and Crinolines for making them.

He has also replenished his stock of
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, OILS, PAINTS,
School and Miscellaneous
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

YOUNG LADIES
attending School are particularly requested
to examine the stock, as they, and all
others, will find a greater variety
at this store than any other.

In fact the
Farmer, Mechanic, Teacher, Student,
AND ALL OTHERS,
will find nearer everything they want than
is usually found in a village assortment;
all of which SHALL be sold CHEAP
for CASH, or to PROMPT time
dealers.

Examine at least before you purchase, as
he charges nothing for owing his stock,
and then purchase where you can do the best.

G. A. SHOOK.
Mar 20

ADAM HANCOCK,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE.
Will attend promptly to all business in his
line with which he may be entrusted.
Winchester, October 10, 1856. 1y.

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DOCTOR CLOPION offers his professional
services to the citizens of Winchester and
vicinity, and hopes by strict attention to his
duties to merit a liberal share of patronage.
Office on Main street, opposite Brooks' Hotel;
Residence—one formerly occupied by
A. S. Colyar, Esq.
Jan 15, 1857. 1y

C. M. FARMER,
AT HIS OLD STAND, SOUTH-EAST CORNER
OF THE SQUARE,
Winchester, Tennessee.
Very thankful for the liberal patronage
heretofore extended to him, keeps on hand
and will furnish any article in cabinet furni-
ture at the shortest notice, either of his own
manufacture or of factory work. He is deter-
mined that no one shall undersell him or
give more inducements for custom. Any
article of his own make that does not prove
to be such as he sells it for may be returned
on his hands.

COFFINS FURNISHED
at all times as cheap as any other person will
furnish them, and on the shortest notice, and
sent to any portion of the country without
extra charge. His house that he keeps for
such purposes is well known and cannot be
surpassed in point of gentleness in any
country.
July 12, 1856. 1y

FOR SALE—A Bed Stead 1 Mattress
Apply at this office

THE HOME JOURNAL.

WILLIAM J. SLATTER,)
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.) PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1. WINCHESTER, TENN., MAY 29, 1857. NUMBER 20.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Advertisements of ten lines or less will
be inserted at One Dollar for the first
and Fifty Cents for each subsequent
insertion.
Very liberal reductions made for those
who advertise by the year, half year,
or quarter.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.
BLANKS OF EVERY KIND,
PAMPHLETS, PROGRAMMES, POSTERS,
CARDS, CIRCULARS, RECEIPTS,
FUNERAL TICKETS, DRUG LABELS,
BILL HEADS, HAND BILLS, &c.

From the New York Ledger.
LINES.
As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.
And as three lands the dearest grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.
Heaven is not far from those who weep
With the true spirit's woe,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.
January, 1857. C. D. STUART.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A Romance of the Old and New World.
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife,"
"The Missing Bride," "Retribution," &c.

CHAPTER I. AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first day of May, the mar-
riage day of Viscount Montessor of
Montessor Castle, Dorsetshire, and Es-
telle, only daughter and heiress of Sir
Parke Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devonshire.
A glorious morning! the cloudless blue
sky smiled down upon the green hills and
dewy dales and deep woods of Devon-
shire, and the park around the Hall was all alive
and musical, with the joyous songs of
birds, and the merry laughter of young
men and maidens gathering to celebrate
their May-day festival, and to do honor
to the marriage of their landlord's daugh-
ter.

The elm-shaded, winding avenue that
led from the highway to the house was
arched at each terminus with a mammoth
wreath of flowers, and many were the car-
riages that passed under them, on their
way to assist at the wedding; and these
contained only the bridesmaids, and the
nearest friends and relatives of the fam-
ily, whose relationship or position gave
them the right to attend the bride to
church; for a still more numerous party
had been invited to meet her at the altar.
The villagers and tenants, grouped about
under the shade of the great old trees, or
wandering over the green swanow either
side of the avenue, watched these equip-
ages as they rolled on, commenting as
usual on such occasions.

"O, dear me! the weddings won't pass
till nearly twelve and here we are to
wait two mortal hours!" said a young girl
to the game-keeper.

"Hush, my darling, look, here comes
his Lordship's carriage, itself, just as sure
as you're the prettiest lass in the coun-
try."

It was Lord Montessor's carriage.
Early that morning a note from his af-
fianced bride had been put in his hands
summoning him to a private conference
with her at the Hall, before the wedding
proceed to the church. Surprised and
filled with vague apprehensions, his lordship
lost no time in obeying the behest.

Within the most secluded of her suite
of richly furnished apartments at the old
Hall, half-buried in the depths of a cush-
ioned chair, reclined the bride expectant,
in bridal array.

She was alone, her attendants having,
by her own desire, withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle—or "la belle Estelle,"
"Beautiful Stella," "the Midnight Star,"
as, for her resplendent dark beauty, she
was poetically named—was at this time
twenty-five years of age, and more lovely
than a poet's or an artist's ideal. Her
form was of medium height, and very
slender, though well-rounded, with a
graceful head, over which fell rich masses
of jet black silken ringlets, shading a
face of pure, pale olive complexion with
large, mournful dark eyes, habitually
veiled by the long, drooping lashes, and
delicate, though full, curved lips, ever pa-
tiently closed as in silent resignation.
The prevailing expression of her dark,
brilliant countenance was a profound
melancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's
approaching marriage with the Viscount
Montessor had created a profound sen-
sation in the fashionable and aristocratic
circles. A peerless beauty, the only child
and heiress of the oldest, wealthiest and
haughtiest baronet in the West of Eng-
land, her heart had been as much the ob-
ject of aspiration to the youthful and ar-
dent, as her hand and fortune had been
the end of desire to the mercenary and
ambitious.

At the early age of seven years, Es-
telle had been placed at one of the first
class female institutions of learning at
Paris, then, as now, considered among
the very best of their kind in the world,
and there had been left to remain until
her sixteenth year, when the sudden and
calamitous breaking up of the institution,
and her own severe illness, had occasioned
her removal. That illness had been
attended with marked changes in the
constitution and temperament of the
young girl.

Estelle, previously the most careless,
light hearted and capricious of children,
left her chamber of convalescence a sub-
dued, thoughtful, melancholy woman!
The laughing lips of girlhood closed in
patient sadness; the sparkling eyes sheath-
ed their beams under long, shadowy lash-
es, now seldom lifted; the silvery, elastic
voice sank into deep and thrilling tones;

the free, glad motions were measured and
controlled.

She never entered another school, but
completed her education, under the best
masters, at home. To dissipate what
was considered a transient melancholy,
her parents traveled with her over Eu-
rope, pausing at each capital and chief
town, to show her all that was interesting
and instructive. But though their daugh-
ter repaid their attentions with the sweet-
est gratitude, and obeyed them with the
gentlest docility, she showed no interest
in the passing scenes. And though every-
where her extreme beauty and sweet-
ness of disposition, not less than her for-
tune and position, drew around her many
friends and admirers, Estelle remained
alone in her isolated thoughts and feel-
ings. Every most distinguished physi-
cian in Europe had been consulted upon
her case, and the result of their wisdom
was a decision that this melancholy was
not the effect of ill health, still less of
secret sorrow, but that it was a constitu-
tional phase that would probably pass
away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented
their daughter at court, and introduced
her into all the gaieties of fashionable
life. But with no happy effect upon the
spirits of Estelle, who remained pro-
foundly unmoved amid the eclat that
greeted her debut. Her picturesque beau-
ty was the theme of all tongues—her
mournful glance was fascinating—her
deep tones thrilling—her touch magnetic;
all felt her power, yet she who could
move all others, remained unimpressed.
She who sought no conquests, for that
very reason, perhaps, made many. A
peer and two commoners, in succession,
laid their fortunes at her feet, and were
in turn kindly and firmly rejected.

So passed her first season in London,
at the close of which her parents took
her down to their seat in Devonshire—
Here, in her thoughtful, quiet, unostenta-
tious manner, she engaged in works of
benevolence among the villagers and the
tenantry. And her father, hoping much
from this employment, gave her full lib-
erty of action, and smiled to see that she
seemed less pensive than before.

At the beginning of the parliamentary
term, the family went up to London.

And it was here in her second season in
town that Estelle formed the acquaintance
of Lord Montessor, a young nobleman
but lately acceded to his titles and estates,
but already known as a man of the most
high-toned moral and intellectual ex-
cellence, as a righteous, as well as a rising
statesman, and as one who, in the event
of a change of ministry, would be likely
to fill a high official position in His Ma-
jesty's cabinet. Aside from the glare of
rank and wealth and power, Charles Mon-
tessor was a glorious specimen of the
Creator's workmanship. Above the aver-
age standard of height among his coun-
trymen, broad-shouldered and deep chest-
ed, with a noble head, and a face full of
wisdom and good, his appearance truly
indicated the warm benevolence, clear in-
telligence and pure spirit of the man.
His presence soon inspired Estelle with a
faith that she had not been able to feel in
any other that approached her. He drew
nearer to her than any other had been
permitted to come; he crossed the magic
circle of her isolation, and conversed
with her as no other had been allowed to
do. The world looked and said that the
beautiful Stella had at last met her mas-
ter and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs, the parliamen-
tary term being over, Sir Parke Morelle
and his family left London for Hyde Hall.

Lord Montessor asked and received
permission to follow them, and in less
than a month availed himself of the priv-
ilege to do so. Thus it was in the home
of her ancestors, after having obtained
the cordial sanction of her parents, and
believing himself sure of the affections of
their daughter, Lord Montessor offered
his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle,
and was to his profound astonishment im-
mediately and firmly rejected! In thus re-
jecting his suit she wept long and bitter-
ly, praying his forgiveness, that the hap-
piness she had experienced and exhibited
in his society should have betrayed him
into making this declaration, and beseech-
ing him never to renew his suit, but to
leave and forget her. There was some-
thing in the tone of her refusal which
confirmed and deepened his previous con-
viction that, even in rejecting him, she
loved him! But with his high-toned sen-
timents he would not in the least degree
presume upon that knowledge. Taking
her hand with deferential tenderness, he
said—

"Stella! a man never but once, in his
whole existence, loves a woman as I love
you! I will not inquire the cause of the
rejection which you have certainly a right
to make without assigning any reason for
the act. And after having received this
repulse, I may not in honor distress you
by a renewal of my suit. But this, in
parting, I must say to you—that, though
I go hence, I shall not go out of the reach
of your friends; I shall never address an-
other woman; so if ever in the course of
future weeks, or months, or years, how-
ever long, you may think proper to re-
vise the decision of this evening, Stella,
I implore you to let me know! Write
but one word, 'Come,' and I will return

to lay an unchanged heart at your feet!"
Estelle was weeping too bitterly to re-
ply.

"Stella! will you promise to do this?"
"Lord Montessor, best and dearest
friend! do not seek to bind yourself to one
who can give nothing in return! Try to
think of the melancholy girl that you
have pitied and loved—only as a shadow
that fell for a moment across the sunshine
of your path, and then passed away for-
ever!—and so forget her!"

"Stella! I have pledged my honor never
to renew this suit, unless you reverse
in my favor the sentence you have pro-
nounced upon it; but, inspired by the
deep and deathless love I bear you, and
hoping against hope, I feel impelled to
implore, before leaving you, that, in the
event of a favorable change of sentiment
or purpose towards me, you will not hesi-
tate to give me leave to return. Stella,
will you promise me so much as that?"

"Noblest friend that I have in the
world! how gladly would I promise, but I
must not, Montessor. Were I to do so,
you would feel bound to wait the changes
of my mood, and so, for a most undeserv-
ing love, might miss, in some nobler wo-
man's affections, the happiness in store
for you!"

"Stella, will you raise your sweet,
mournful eyes to mine, one moment, that
you may read my soul while I speak?"

Estelle lifted her dark orbs to meet the
clear, pure, blue eyes bent with so much
love and candor upon hers, and read the
deep, unchanging truth of the constancy
of his soul as he said—

"Stella, in the presence of the heart-
searching God who sees and hears me,
I assure you that I shall never love an-
other woman as I love you, and there-
fore, of course, can never wed another; so
that, whether you give me this slightest
of hopes or not, I am equally and forever
yours! Now will you promise, Stella?
Remember, it is only to let me know in
case of a change in your sentiments."

For an instant, the light of an unutter-
able love and joy broke on her beautiful,
dark face, and her smiling lips parted to
speak, when, as if a sudden memory and
warning had gripped her very heart, she
uttered a low, sharp cry, turned paler than
before, and then said—

"Not not my Lord! Stella cannot even
give you that! She is poorer than the
poorest, in gifts to you! She can only
pray that you may forget her and be hap-
py!"

He looked profoundly disappointed and
troubled. But soon mastering his de-
spondency, he said hopefully—

"Well, dearest Stella, although you
reject me without apparent reason, and
refuse to give me the slightest promise or
the most distant hope, yet I repeat, should
you, in the long future, change your pur-
pose, and write to me one word, 'Come,'
I will hasten to lay at your feet an un-
changed heart! Good bye! God be with
you!" and raising her hand, he bowed
over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and
left the room.

Some moments after, Lady Morelle,
who came to seek and congratulate her
daughter upon what she imagined to be
the only possible result of the interview,
found Estelle lying in a swoon upon the
floor! It was followed by a long and ter-
rible illness, terminating in a tedious
protracted convalescence. The town sea-
son was at hand before Estelle was able
to re-enter society.

They went up to London, and once
more the "star of beauty" arose upon its
world. And though the cloud upon her
life settled darker and heavier, day by
day, she was more followed, flattered and
courted than before.

Thus three years had passed away,
when one morning, while the family, then
occupying their town house in Berkeley
Square, were seated at a late breakfast,
and Sir Parke was engaged in reading
aloud from the London Times, an account
of the saving of the French Ship, *Le
Duc D'Angou*, wrecked off the coast of
Algiers, Estelle uttered a low cry and
sank fainting from her seat.

This attack was not, as the other had
been, followed by illness; on the contrary,
from that day, the cloud seemed lifted
from her head, and even those who had
most admired her face in its shadow were
enchanted to see how brilliant was her
beauty in its sunshine! Her health and
spirits daily improved, yet in the midst of
all this flowing tide of new life, Estelle
astonished her friends by suddenly, in the
height of the London season, retiring to
her father's country seat, where she re-
mained in strict seclusion from the world
for eighteen months.

At the end of this period, Lord Mon-
tessor, who had never left England, or
lost trace of his beloved Stella, and who
was now staying at his castle in Dorset-
shire, was one day seated at breakfast,
when the morning mail was brought him.
Among a score of letters, the first that at-
tracted his attention was a dainty white
envelope superscribed in a delicate hand-
writing. He took that up first and open-
ed it; it contained but one word, "Come."
The light of an ineffable joy broke over
his face! Oh! he had waited, patiently,
hopefully, years, for that word, and at last
he received it! Thanks to heaven in the
first instance! and then pushing all the
other letters unopened aside, he sprang

up, rang for his valet, and ordered his
valise packed and horses put to his car-
riage.

In twenty more minutes he had reached
the railway station just as the cars were
about to start, and in three hours he was
at Hyde Hall and standing in the pres-
ence of Estelle—she looking so beauti-
ful and happy.

With the old chivalric enthusiasm of
devotion, he dropped at once upon his
knee, and raised her hand to his, say-
ing—

"For four years I have hoped and wait-
ed for one word from you, and at last, be-
loved, you have written, 'Come,' and I
am at your feet, as I said, with an un-
changed heart!"

"But I," she said, deeply blushing,
while she held both hands to raise him,
"I, my Lord, have not an unchanged
heart! for longer than four years I have
loved you more than woman's tongue
may tell—and never more than at the
hour in which we bade farewell, as I
thought, forever!"

"I know it, beloved!—knew it th n!—
knew it always! I never doubted it!—
Could I be deceived in the dear heart of
the woman I loved! No! and that was
the secret of my patience!" he replied,
taking his seat on the sofa, by her side.

"And yet you never inquired, and do
not even now inquire, why, without ex-
planation and without hope, I sent you
from my presence, and why now, without
apparent reason, I summon you back!"
she said, as a shade of the old sadness
fell upon her beautiful face.

"Your motives, dearest, were and are
your own. Not until your spirit moves
you to do so, shall you give them to me!
I have full confidence in you, beautiful
Stella!"

"Confidence, oh my God!" she ex-
claimed in a low, deep, thrilling voice.

"Why, what is the matter, dearest?"
She looked up suddenly, a smile of
worshipping love breaking like sunlight
over her dark face, and said—

"Nothing, nothing, my Lord! but that
all your thoughts and feelings are so elated
beyond your poor Estelle's. And yet she
would almost choose it so; for could she
be an angel, she would wish
you to be something far higher—a god!"

"Sweet enthusiast! moderate your as-
pirations, or the world and its people will
disappoint you! Be not an idolator—
worship only God, my Stella."

Such was their meeting.
Yet, occasionally, throughout the in-
terview, a sudden shadow, like the re-
miniscence of a painful thought, would fall
upon her bright face, and then pass as it
came.

They were engaged, and in a few days
the marriage was announced to take place
on the first of May.

But it was observed by the nearest
friends of the bride, that from the day of
her betrothal, her spirits had been marked
by the strangest fluctuations. Some-
times with her beautiful dark face illu-
minated with a deep, still, almost religious
joy, she moved about, as it were, "on
winged feet," or sat brooding in a happy
trance. At other times, she fell into deep
gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable as it
was alarming to her friends, who greatly
feared her relapse into the deep melanc-
choly that had so long overshadowed her,
and that they had grown to dread as a se-
rious constitutional malady. But they
hoped everything from her approaching
marriage with the man she loved. Lord
Montessor observed with the deepest in-
terest the uncertain moods of his betroth-
ed; but with the high-toned sentiments
that distinguished him, refrained from in-
quiring, and awaited her voluntary reve-
lations.

At last the first of May, the marriage
day, upon which I have presented the par-
ties to the reader, arrived, and all the
haut ton, as I said, were gathered at the
Hall or at the Church to do honor to the
solemnities.

And the expectant bride, in her bridal
robe and veil, waited within her boudoir
the arrival of the bridegroom, whom she
had summoned to a private interview be-
fore they should proceed to the church—
She had not long to wait. He who
quickly responded to her slightest in-
clination immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard his firm elastic
step approaching,
"Now God have mercy on me!" she
prayed, and covered her face with her
hands.

He entered, unannounced, and saying,
"My beautiful Stella! I am here, you
perceive, by your commands."

She dropped her hands, and revealing
a face pale with misery, spoke in a thrill-
ing, deep, impassioned tone—
"You are here by my supplication, my
Lord! I have no right to command."

"We will waive that. What is your
will, my dearest Stella?"

"My prayer, my Lord, is first for your
forgiveness."

"Forgiveness? my Stella!"

"Ay! my dear Lord! you see before you
a penitent and a suppliant, who may
soon be something far more wretched!"

"My Stella! what mean you?"

a view of the park below, alive with its
restless multitude. "What are all these
people waiting for, my Lord?"

"What are they waiting for, my Stella?
—for that for which I also wait, with
how much more impatience!" he answer-
ed, while a deep flush of love and joy,
for an instant supplanted the anxiety on
his face.

"They wait to see a bride pass, where a
bride may never go!" she said, in a sol-
emn voice.

"Stella! great Heaven! what say you?"
he exclaimed, gazing on her with pro-
found astonishment.

"That the bride they expect is unwor-
thy to stand before God's holy altar be-
side Lord Montessor!"

"Unworthy, Stella? You?"

"Most unworthy, my Lord!" she said,
dropping her arms, and dropping her
head in an attitude of the deepest misery.

"I should have made this confession
long ago, Lord Montessor; but I have
deceived you—I have deceived you!"

"In what respect, Stella? My God!
It cannot be! No, it cannot be! that
while betrothed to me, you do not love
me!"

"Not love you! Oh! my dear Lord!"
she murmured, in a voice of thrilling
tenderness that carried conviction of her
truth to his deepest heart.

"What mean you then, dearest one? if
indeed you return my deep love."

"Oh! I do, I do, Montessor; whatever
happens, wherever you go, take that
assurance with you! I love you, my Lord!
shall ever love you, even though even
after what I shall have told you, you re-
pulse and hate me, and go to our friends
and say, 'That woman whom I was
about to wed, is but a whitened sepulchre,
whom I have proved, and whom I now
reject'—and so leave me to the scorn of
men, still I say—ever shall say—I love
you, Lord Montessor! I love you, and
the consciousness of being unworthy of
your love is the bitterest element in my
punishment," she said, in a voice of such
profound misery, that Lord Montessor
could scarcely continue to believe her
agitation unfounded or exaggerated.

He dropped upon a seat, and sitting
still and white as a carved image of stone,
gazed upon her, waiting her further com-
munications.

The balance of this beautiful and high-
ly interesting story will be published in
our columns as soon as it makes its ap-
pearance in the "New York Ledger,"
the great family weekly paper, for which
the most popular writers in the country
contribute, and which can be found at
all the stores throughout the city and
country, where papers are sold. Remem-
ber to ask for the New York Ledger of
May 30, and in it you will get the con-
tinuation of the story from where it leaves
off here. If you cannot get copy at any
news office, the publisher of the Ledger
will mail you a copy on receipt of five
cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the
New York Ledger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.,
writes only for it; Emerson Bennett
writes only for it; and nearly all the
eminent writers in the country, such as
Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N.
Southworth and Alice Carey, contribute
regularly to its columns. Mrs. South-
worth will write for no other paper hereafter—
Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville
Journal, prepares the Wit and Humor
Department in the Ledger. It is mailed
to subscribers at \$2 a year, or two copies
\$3. Address Robert Bonner, publisher,
44 Ann st., New York. It is the hand-
somest and best family paper in the coun-
try, elegantly illustrated, and character-
ized by a high moral tone.

Mrs. Early, wife of the Rev. John
Early, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal
Church South, died at Lynchburg, Va.,
on the 17th.

The Ohio Farmer says the hay crop in
the United States is worth more than the
combined crops of cotton, rice and to-
bacco.

The court of Scott county, Va., has
refused to grant licenses for the sale of
liquor.

Motto for the Governor of Utah—"Go
it while you're Young."

New Orleans has now thirteen daily
papers and Boston ten.

A terrific thunder storm passed over
Macon, Ga., on the 15th.

It is stated that, during the past year,
the historian, Prescott, has received an
income of \$20,000 from his literary la-
bors.

Counterfeit \$20's on the State Bank of
Ohio, Harrison branch, at Cadiz, are in
circulation.

Gen. Sam. Houston has declared him-
self an independent candidate for Gov-
ernor of Texas.